

ROLLER DERBY

No. 12 \$2.50





DWARVES

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19 July 1993

I was surprised by the massive embarrassment subscribers expressed toward last issue's Cindy Dall photos. Everyone seemed to want to talk about it, but didn't know quite what to say. One man came into my place of employment, Perry's Char-broiled Burgers, ordered a corn dog, and started asking all these mundane questions about Cindy with a sly look on his face--why did she move to Guerneville, what does she do for work, etc. I didn't see any actual sweat on his face, but he looked like a sweating man. Then he said, "Can I ask you a...question?" I said mm-hm. "Uh, was that sailor girl photo taken during the day or the night?" I said in the day. He nodded happily, said, "That explains a lot," and left. Another satisfied Perry's customer. Rob't Nedelkoff was not embarrassed, so he bought 50 copies with which to decorate his bedroom.

The Royal Trux full color collage in *Rollerderby* #11 was actually an advertisement for their new album *Cats and Dogs*, paid for by the Drag City label. The information at the bottom of the page was whited out by mistake by the color separation people. They're sorry, and so am I.

We now have a copy editor: Bear. She didn't start until halfway through the issue, so any mistakes are not her fault.

I've decided on a NEW IMAGE: tell stupid, obvious jokes and then laugh really loud--HAHAHA! Plus tell long, dumb stories about penises and stuff. I'm serious. I've been practicing. So that's what will be in the next issue, plus: Smog, Olivia Newton-John, Florida cowboy Buddy Max, Cindy Dall in a bag on the beach, tender comics by John Porcellino, and color Darcy cover.

Lisa Carver, editor / publisher
Send anything to:

PO Box 424762
San Francisco CA 94142-4762

MY 1ST ORGASM

Advice: Tim Vigil.

Photography: Craig Robinson.

CINDY IN HER HALSTON

Grip: Spencer Mulcahy.

Makeup: Hugo and Nicki
Serrano. Photography: Craig
Robinson.

Especially thankful to Micah
and Grandma Mary.

All concepts and design: Cindy
Dall. Copyright Cindy Dall,
1993.

For Sale

Rollerderby #4-10: \$2.50 each, all 7 for \$10
Rollerderby #11 and up: \$3 each, 4 for \$10
Cindy Dall 8x10 hand-painted sailor girl photo: \$10, or \$8
with *Rollerderby* subscription
Checks payable to Lisa Carver.
Prices include postage in the U.S.



My first orgasm.

LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

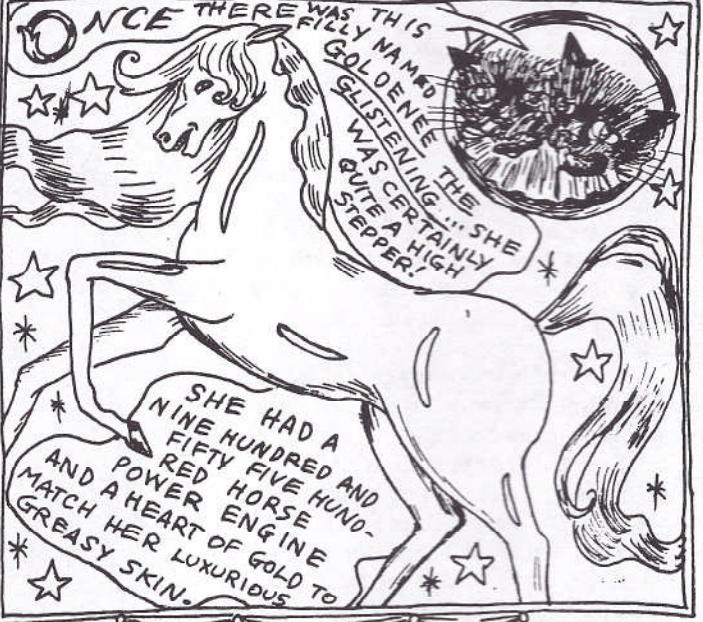
By DAME D ARCY ©1993

PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS. OH I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT AN AMUSING STORY ABOUT A FILLY.



WELL WHAT

ONCE THERE WAS THIS FILLY NAMED GOLDENE. GLISTENING... SHE WAS CERTAINLY QUITE A HIGH STEPPER!



SHE HAD A NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FIVE HUND- AND A HEART OF GOLD TO MATCH HER LUXURIOUS GREASY SKIN.

ON FRIDNESDAY NIGHT FEB. 2, 1899 SHE WAS CASHAVING PAST A BURNING BARN AND SHE HEARD SUCKLING HORSES SCREAMING IN PAIN.



NAY!

SHE RUSHED IN AND BURST THROUGH THE FLAMES THUS SAVING ALL THE SUCKLING HORSES FROM THEIR OTHER WISE GRUSOME PATE OF BEING BURNT TO CRISPS. THE END.



DON'T GO YANKIN' MY MANE! YA LITTLE YANKEE.





Lydia Lunch

LISA: You seem to be the kind of determined woman who isn't daunted by tasks like taking clothes to be dry-cleaned and buying matching makeup tools or any effort it takes to look crisp. I saw you today by chance downtown and you were immaculate and had on full-face make-up.

LYDIA: That was after three hours of sleep, don't worry about it.

LISA: Are you so well-groomed every single day?

LYDIA: Usually I look better.

LISA: It seems like the ultimate result of that meticulousness, after years and years and years, is Joan Collins. Do you find her hideous or attractive?

LYDIA: She looks fantastic--why not? I don't aspire to look like that. I just aspire to look clean because I know basically I'm filthy.

LISA: You were wearing black today. You always do?

LYDIA: Not 100 percent of the time. I wear white occasionally.

LISA: Why don't you like colors?

LYDIA: They don't go with my hair. It's easier to look complete when you're all in one color and since I don't think you'll see me all in white unless you visit me in my bedroom where I wear white lace skintight slips a la Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, which suit me completely.... [Wearing all black is] neater, especially when you've been away from your own home for six weeks.

LISA: You look like a businessperson.

LYDIA: I like that; I am a businessperson. I take care of business. Even when punk hit I remember people telling me I looked so clean. Again, the ruse to suck them into the filthy vacuum of my continued mental degeneration.

LISA: Are you rich?

LYDIA: Fuck, no. Am I rich? I just look rich. I just act rich. No, but I haven't had a day-job in ten years, which is a complete breakthrough for anyone in my position. I can support myself in the custom I've grown accustomed to because I plan nine months in

advance all my business. Because I do a lot of spoken word shows where only one person's getting paid--myself--and because I like to charge by the minute.

LISA: What female body type do you find yourself most drawn to?

LYDIA: I read a great book called *The Lust to Kill*. It was why men become serial killers and women don't, and it's basically down to the objectification--like Ted Bundy liked girls with brown hair parted down the middle or on the side. And it said that mainly women don't--they're not looking for an ideal body type or body size.

Everything to me is reduced down to the individual. Obviously I love my own body--and most people do, too, who have had the pleasure to enjoy it. I'm not into anorexia for women or men--although skinny boys with

BODY

big dicks are, of course, the best thing going. It's not down to a body type--it's down to the fucking energy that's pouring out of that person--I don't care if they weigh 470 pounds or 82 pounds. If they've got this kind of energy that I like to feast upon and if they also are able to glutonize on how much I'm gonna pour into them, then it's wonderful.

Mary Ellen Carver

LISA: What do you think is men's ideal female body?

MARY ELLEN: When I grew up in the '60s it was big breasts.

LISA: Period?

MARY ELLEN: Well, and then they might get around eventually to looking at the legs.

LISA: You used to wear padded bras.

MARY ELLEN: Oh, yes. You better not put

this in your paper, but I told you about the one with the removable inserts. When I was young and some guy wanted to...ahem, make out, then I would pull 'em out and put 'em in my purse. Or under the car seat.

LISA: Did you ever consider wearing fanny pads?

MARY ELLEN: I didn't need 'em. I had a very ample rear end when I was young. Almost too big. Not quite too big. It was always cute--but not as cute as yours.

LISA: Did men ever criticize your body?

MARY ELLEN: Not at all. In fact, the guys I went around with all told me the same line with certain variations: More than a handful is a waste.

LISA: I meant more than just your breasts. You're totally fixated on breasts.

MARY ELLEN: I am?!

LISA: You always have been. When I was 15, you told me that all men want big breasts and if one tells me otherwise, he's lying.

MARY ELLEN: I told you that?

LISA: Yes. It scarred me.

MARY ELLEN: It scarred you? Eh, heh, heh, heh! Oh, forgive me!

LISA: So you don't feel that way about breasts anymore?

MARY ELLEN: Mm...I still think they're very important to guys.

LISA: What's the thing on guys that's comparable to breasts on women?

MARY ELLEN: In the '60s it was muscles on the arms.

LISA: How would you describe your fashion sense?

MARY ELLEN: Hoo-hoo-hoo-ha-ha-hoo! I have none.

LISA: I think you have a definite look.

MARY ELLEN: I like to look casually comfortable. If you're comfortable, it makes other people comfortable.

LISA: You have a certain predilection for articles of clothing imprinted with the Celtics logo.

MARY ELLEN: That's part of my personality--if I'm fond of something, I'm not ashamed to wear it on my sleeve...so to



speak, heh, heh, heh.

LISA: In your 20s you received a certain amount of money and you passed up getting your face sanded [dermabrasion] to buy a sports car.

MARY ELLEN: Pontiac Firebird. People noticed that car. It had a black velvet interior and the outside was a bright yellow you couldn't ignore.

LISA: What do you think that choice says about your values or priorities?

MARY ELLEN: I was boy-crazy and I figured I needed a car to get me to the boys.

LISA: That logic strikes me as more traditionally masculine than feminine--instead of making yourself beautiful and waiting for the boys to discover you, you got a machine to enable you to go get the boys.

MARY ELLEN: I was stuck in a small town in New Hampshire teaching at a rich girls' college--too much competition there. I had to go bar-hopping somewhere else.

LISA: Oh. People say that girls tie their self-image up with their appearance and boys do so mostly with their career or possessions. You're more like the boys.

MARY ELLEN: I'm so locked into what I am inside and in the job that I do that I forget what I look like--to the point that when I catch sight of myself in a mirror sometimes, I'm shocked: "Is that little, old, broken-down lady, that little shrimp, me? That somewhat unkempt person? Can't be. Can't be."

LISA: Do you see yourself as more beautiful?

MARY ELLEN: No. I would love to be beautiful, but I gave up hope a long time ago, just like I gave up hope of ever being careful about money. I've given up chasing impossible dreams. I'm doing the things that I do well. If I tell something to the landlord or my boss, they immediately accept my word. Without question. My phone rings all weekend long. Everywhere I go, people give me a certain amount of respect and sometimes affection. I feel that something in me is compensating for my lack of beauty to make me acceptable to people.

LISA: How's this romance going with the guy at the office?

MARY ELLEN: Well, he hit me on the head today with a bunch of papers!

LISA: Did it excite you when he did that?

MARY ELLEN: Nooooo! I said, "Ouch!"

LISA: Did you hit him back?

MARY ELLEN: Yeah, I did. I made this little fist and I hit him right in his muscley arm!

Courtney Love

COURTNEY: What is this?

LISA: I'm asking women about clothes.

COURTNEY: Who have you asked?

LISA: My mother, Lydia Lunch--

COURTNEY: You know what? I was doing "Loveline" on KROQ, and Lydia sent this fax in that said like, "You'll never be smarter than me. Stop trying to cop me..."

So I read it out over the air and I said, "Lydia, I've been copping you since I fucking heard of you. You're the best thing

on the planet. I give you more tribute than anybody else and I love you and I wish you wouldn't be so mad at me. And, Lydia, if there's anything I can do for you--if there's any philosophical, tax deductible thing that I can contribute to--you know how to get in touch with me."

LISA: You offered her money.

COURTNEY: Basically, yeah. I love Lydia. Who else did you interview?

LISA: A girl named Christy who says the sun melts our lard--

COURTNEY: I have a tip! I lost 40 pounds, and I have a real tip. I was fat from 14 to 24. When you're fat like I was--which is five feet eight inches and 150 to 170 pounds--you do not get to fuck the boys you want to fuck. Right? ...Right?

LISA: Perhaps.

COURTNEY: The minute I got skinny and got a nose job and became photogenic, all of a sudden I had a bidding war, and every boy I ever wanted, wanted me.

LISA: What's your tip?

COURTNEY: The thing you gotta do is--A! Stop counting calories! Okay? B! Do not get on a scale! 'Cause lean muscle weighs more than fat. All right? I cut out FAT! That's all you gotta do. FAT! No cheese. That's it, Lisa. Period. NO CHEESE. I told this to KROQ, I told this to my nanny. People I tell this to lose 10, 30 pounds. STOP CHEESE. You know why the Orientals are not fat? 'Cause they look on cheese as this gross Western habit--it's like sour milk LARD. They don't want anything to fucking do with cheese. If you're gonna eat cheese, take it out on a picnic, cut it up carefully, and really taste it--with wine or something. Don't melt it on shit. And I lost FORTY POUNDS by not eating cheese. And I even ate a little mayonnaise. All right? Skip the butter and skip the cheese and you will lose weight. I swear to God, Lisa. I was a fat girl my whole life. No one would fuck me, and when they did they'd do things like fart in front of me. I

told my friend that this guy farted in front of me, and you know what he said?

LISA: Nn-nn.

COURTNEY: He said, "Well, look at her; wouldn't you fart in front of her?"

LISA: Oh! Here's my second question--

COURTNEY: *Don't eat cheese*. There are a million things to eat that are not cheese.

LISA: Tell me about the preparations for a photo shoot for a professional magazine.

COURTNEY: They bring in all these fucking people: makeup people, stylist people--all they are is gossips. When I did the *Spin* cover, I put 'em all in the kitchen and made them all sign disclosure agreements. I said, "If you have any ethics at all, you're not going to lie about what you see in my house today. [My husband and I] have a good life here. We have a good relationship and a great child. And do not go outside of this house and be bitches and queens and cunts and put down another woman just because you're pissed that I married a heartthrob and you believe *Vanity Fair* [which speculated that Courtney took heroin during her pregnancy--ed.]. All right, fuckers?" They come in, they've got this rack of clothes. I'm not gonna wear their fuckin' clothes--I'm gonna wear my own nightie! And then the head of Geffen's art department is telling me, "Well, the editor of *Mirabella* really wants to put you in Christian LaCroix and blah, blah, blah." I said, "You know what? You get me a Chanel suit, I'll pose." With green fingernail polish. Wouldn't you?

LISA: Uh...

COURTNEY: With gloves?

LISA: It wouldn't suit me.

COURTNEY: Are you pear-shaped?

LISA: No.

COURTNEY: Chanel would look great on you. Well, when I make you a star, Lisa, you'll have your own [professional?] and you'll see what they'll do.

LISA: Something about noses--

Rollerderby Distribution

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--*Conflict*

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DARCY The Dame's calendar, from 19 June (her birthday) 1993 to 19 June 1994. Drawings of females in the great outdoors, plus pertinent instructions for each day, such as "Don't touch anyone your not suppost to" and "Suck a blanket." \$3.50

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COURTNEY: You remember me on the cover of *Flipside* [in the pre-nose job days]?
 LISA: I thought your nose looked good. The thing about, say, if you have a big nose (which is not supposed to be beautiful), is that if you do become famous or powerful with your big nose intact, the nose adds to your strength. That idiosyncrasy sets you apart, above. Like Frida Kahlo's eyebrow.
 COURTNEY: I have other strengths. I have to be pretty if I'm going to get over. And I have to get over if I'm gonna fuck [the system] up. And I'm gonna fuck it up.
 LISA: I don't think your prettiness got you where you are. There are thousands of perfect-faced girls who--

COURTNEY: Bull...shit. Lisa, until I fixed myself, I wasn't offered a fucking job anywhere but in a strip joint. Now I get [all these fabulous opportunities] and Everett [who "rules England"] decided I was beautiful and made me a star--

LISA: And you think it's OK that people are doing these things for you because you have a nice nose?

COURTNEY: YES! Because I'm going to FUCKING use it against them, Lisa. You gotta believe in me. I never sell out the fat and the ugly. I never do. My very first interview in '89, what did I say? I said, "Sexual attractiveness is the most subversive thing." You know what I'm saying? Everyone called me ugly. Even Kurt [Cobain]--he said he felt sorry for me [over a certain picture].

LISA: I understand how beauty is a tool for you. I'm not saying someone sells out if they get a nose job. I'm asking you if you trust the motives of those who like you now.

COURTNEY: I wonder about that sometimes, late at night... But I don't think so. Every one of Kurt's ex-girlfriends is overweight and has a big nose. Looks are not paramount with him. Do you not like me?

LISA: What do you mean, *do I not like you?*

COURTNEY: Do you not like me?

LISA: I think you're fascinating.

COURTNEY: Well, why? 'Cause of the fame? If I weren't famous, would you like me?

LISA: Your fame is part of what's interesting about you, but I--

COURTNEY: But would you like me if I wasn't famous, Lisa?

LISA: Well, let me finish my sentence. I think you've gotten your fame because of your personality, so the two are tied together--

COURTNEY: You don't like me, do you?

LISA: I didn't say that.

COURTNEY: I know you don't like me. You don't like me. Nobody does.

LISA: I called you to interview you about clothes.

COURTNEY: I'm sorry I wore the little girl dresses 'cause the word "girl" is what's making all the evil, sexist journalists heavy breathe about: "Oh, *girls* don't menstruate; *girls* don't have hairy legs; *girls* are cute--*girl*." Mainstream fucking America media is Exxon is *Satan*, baby, and you better go read

your fucking *Backlash*. You don't like me?

LISA: I don't know you.

COURTNEY: How could you not know me--we just talked for an hour. You think I'm not on your side--you think I'm in it for myself. I'm not. I'm a Buddhist. Fame is gonna happen to you--I'm gonna make it happen. Lisa! I turned down Oliver Stone last week! Do you know how much my value went up? My stock went up 1,000 percent. I said, "No, no, I'm not interested." You don't say that to Oliver Stone.



Christy VanOostendorp

LISA: You told me the sun boils your fat.

CHRISTY: I feel like my body is a piece of bacon. I feel like the lawn chair is a pan. And when you turn the heat up on a stove, the pan gets hot, the bacon gets hot, and it fries the fat away. I lay out in the sun--piece of bacon--and I feel like my cellulite is boiling away; piece by piece it slowly melts and hits my bloodstream and somehow runs through my system.

LISA: You think it converts into sweat?

CHRISTY: Sweat or shit. It works!

LISA: You were eating a one-third pound burger at Perry's and you said that was the healthiest thing you had eaten all month.

What did you eat the rest of the month?

CHRISTY: Every night I smoke pot because it helps me sleep. And I get the munchies really bad. I have a problem with depression and pot keeps my depression from getting too intense. But I eat. I mean, I eat. When I'm not dieting, I literally will eat shit. I'll eat a pizza bagel at Coffee Bazaar, which is all grease and cheese and fat and oil. Then I'll go over to Perry's and get fries. I'll eat Ben & Jerry's at home. 'Cause I tell myself I can't eat any meals after three o'clock, so I eat snacks.

LISA: What's the most candy and ice cream you've eaten in one sitting?

CHRISTY: Are you serious? HA! My boyfriend calls me his "candy girl." The other day I had seven dollars worth of candy and I ate all the candy--little pieces of Snickers, little Butterfingers, little Jolly

Ranchers, little Now-n-Laters--which are my favorite--and bigger Now-n-Laters, gum, Jawbreakers, Junior Mints... I had a chocolate shake. I had a quart of Ben & Jerry's ice cream. Then I ate a whole bag of apple crisp chips that I got at Safeway. You know those low-fat wafer things that are made out of popcorn? I ate a whole bag of them, too--ten of them. And then I got up at 9:30 at night and I made a whole pan of cinamon rolls. While they were cooking I ate the whole can of frosting, so I opened another can of frosting and I put all the frosting from that can on my rolls and I ate every one of them. Then I had a Pepsi and I went to sleep.

I was telling myself I would not eat. I was telling myself specifically: "Christy, *don't eat*. I mean, *don't eat*. DON'T EAT!" And I could not stop. I could not stop eating.

LISA: All that sugar is probably exacerbating your depressions.

CHRISTY: Sugar and coffee. It's really bad. I want to kill people when I'm having my

period. I get to a point where I just want to rip their face right off.

LISA: Why do you binge?

CHRISTY: Depression. I was physically, sexually and verbally abused by my family from the time I was three. Food was an escape. My family told me I was fat, fat, fat, so my first diet was speed. When I was 14, I OD'd on it. Then I quit, and would eat one meal a day. Right now my boyfriend and I are on a no fat, no dairy, no meat diet. White flour is very fattening, butter is very fattening. I don't eat past three o'clock. Today at three I'll have a small meal of chicken and vegetables and that's it.

LISA: Did your mother and father criticize you in the same way?

CHRISTY: My mother was never around. I was raised by two gay men who hated women and hated anything womanly, like rounded hips. To this day my father here [she jabs her pen in her father's direction--he is in the room for the duration of the interview--ed.] mentions quite often--a lot--that I am getting heavy, that I'm becoming the spandex queen.

LISA: Why do you think he does that?

CHRISTY: To let me know that I'm out of shape. It's his way of being him, I guess. When I got here [Guerneville] I was wearing three-piece suits, carrying a briefcase--I was size 5. And I've grown.

LISA: Do you think he's trying to improve your health or is it vanity--he wants a slim daughter?

CHRISTY: I think that he has his own insecurities and maybe it makes him feel better to point out mine. I don't know. He contradicts himself. He says my [other] dad was so wrong for doing it, and then he goes and does it himself. Maybe it's just a habit.

Food really does dominate my life. I spend a lot of time being insecure, hiding myself from the public. I don't go dancing anymore because I feel so fat. I'm dressed fully when I go to bed at night.

LISA: This is really sad.

CHRISTY: Yeah, it is. It's a horrible, destructive thing. It really rules my life. Yesterday my boyfriend and I went to the mall and there were about a trillion skinny blondes who had just gotten out of school. And I wanted to leave. I got uptight--my muscles clenched, my teeth clenched, I was uncomfortable...and we left, because I could not deal with it. At night I dream about my boyfriend being with thinner girls. Not prettier, not more talented, but thinner. When I look at a girl and she's thin, I think my boyfriend wants to fuck her. But if she's fat, I don't think that at all.

LISA: Does he ever criticize your appearance?

CHRISTY: No, never. He's very loving. But if I know, and my dad and everybody else knows, that I'm gaining weight, then why the hell can't my boyfriend see it? To me, it's like he's lying to me, even if he's not. I wear clothes to bed because I don't want my boyfriend to wake up in the middle of the night and grab me or roll over and have his face stuck in me. I don't want him to get up in the middle of the night and I'm totally uncovered and he looks down on me and goes, "God, she's fat" or "God, look at the way that belly just *flops* over!"

LISA: Would keeping the room really dark help?

CHRISTY: It's pitch dark. Yesterday we were driving and I had my seatbelt on and my pooch was sticking out. And he reached over and he *touched* it. I almost started crying. I said, "Don't touch me there, God!--can't you understand?" And he goes, "No!

What?" I said, "Can't you feel that big roll of fat?" He said, "I love your roll of fat." I said, "I thought you couldn't tell because I'm always dressed." He said, "Honey, we take showers together." I said, "You never look down." (Our shower's only made for one person--he doesn't have room to look around.) He said, "Baby, it doesn't matter." To me it does.

LISA: Are you less obsessive about your weight when you weigh less?

CHRISTY: Oh, I obsess about it *more* when I'm thin. The thinner I get, the fatter I think I am. If I drop five pounds, I think I've gained five pounds. I got rid of my full-length mirror because it was so obsessive to me. I'd change clothes like there was no tomorrow. If an outfit didn't make me look thin, I wouldn't wear it, no matter how much I might like it. Then I get to work [at a beauty parlor] and there are *four* full length mirrors. It's like, "OK--if I pull my shorts up like this then I'll have to stand like *this*, 'cause this leg's a little bigger..." you know?

LISA: You told me that when you're 40 you plan to quit smoking and quit dieting and get fat because then you'll be a professional and you'll have a family and they'll be stuck with you.

CHRISTY: Right now I just turned 21, and I've been fighting this horrible thing of weight for over ten years. I have never been fat. But I was told I was a fat cow, a fat slut. I was 100 pounds, speeded out, totally skinny, and I would look in a mirror or a window and I would see myself as 160. Right now I'm going through trauma

recovery, so I'd rather smoke and be thin while I heal my pain than eat and be fat, thus reinforcing in my mind that all these people [who called me fat] were right. Then when I'm 40 and I'm a child psychologist and I'm helping children who have been abused and I really have it together, then I'll love myself no matter what--even if I gain 20 or 40 pounds.

LISA: You said you don't lift weights because getting up in the morning is exercise enough for you.

CHRISTY: Exercise to me is lame. It is lame. I'm sorry, but if I have to spend 100 years exercising to look good, then I would rather not exercise at all and not eat at all. Really. I know what exercise is--I've done the Jazzercise, weight lifting.... I'd do a quarter of crystal and I'd go work out for three or four hours--I'd exercise and tone and thin--but it didn't matter: I still saw myself as 150 pounds. I figure God put us on the earth for about 60 years. I'd rather do what I want to do than spend the next 40 years really striving to be thin, really striving to exercise and to be my healthiest and not smoke, and be unhappy--'cause that to me is unhappiness.

LISA: Why do you diet now then?

CHRISTY: It's a habit. I always was on a diet. It's an old habit that I'm trying to break. I wish I could feel comfortable eating, but every time I sit down with food I'm aware of the weight.

LISA: Can I take your photo now?

CHRISTY'S DAD: Oh, look at the glamour queen!



LUNGFISH

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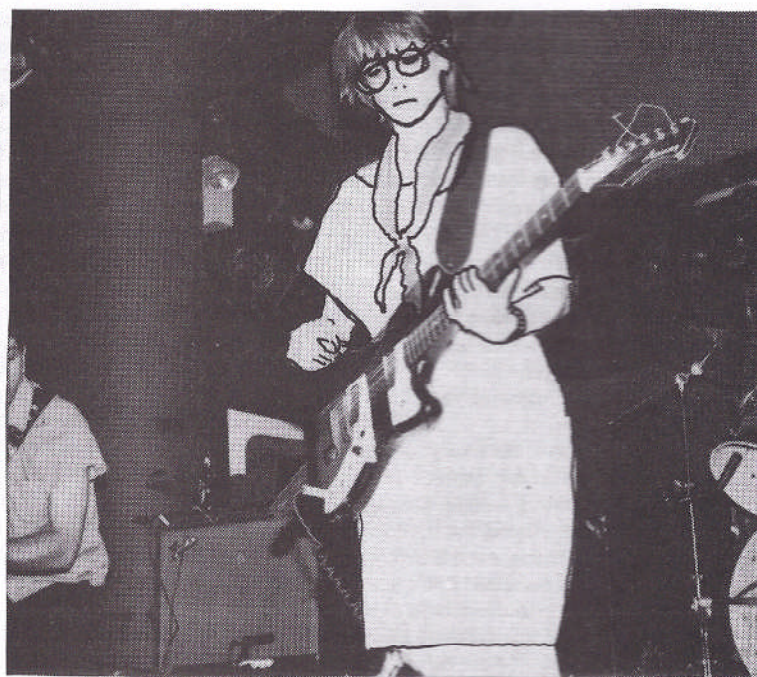
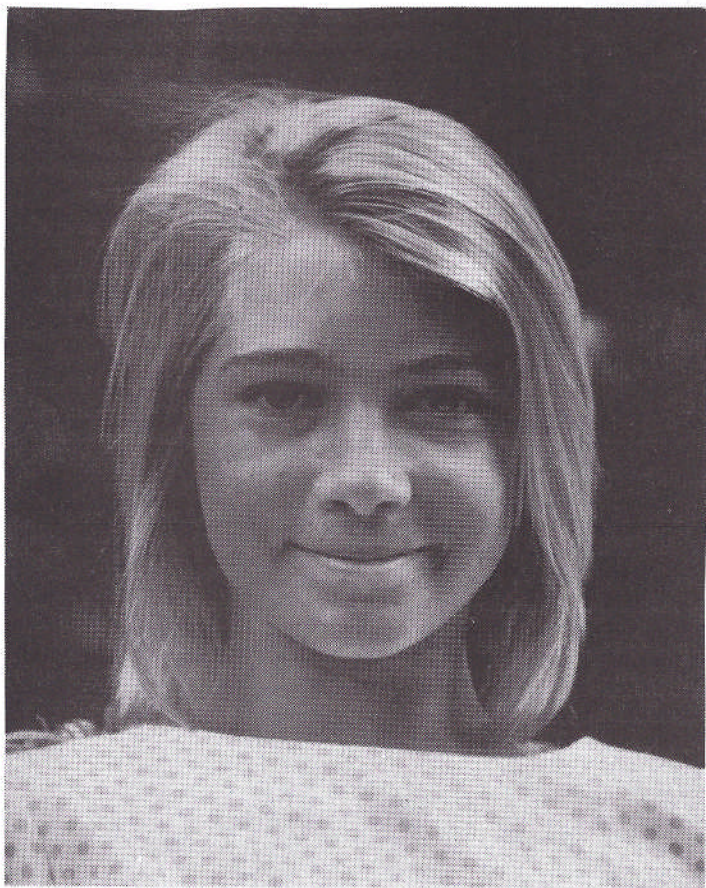
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Left: "I did have a mother who was horrified that I was sexy at ten."

Above: N.Y.C. 1982. All the photos from this period are blurry or washed out, so I had to draw in the lines.--ed.
Opposite page, top: 1985 or '86, pink hair

Kim Gordon

LISA: There's a Rapeman song called "Kim Gordon's Panties."

KIM: Yeah, I guess there is. I never really listened to it. Big Black were playing in Amsterdam, it was their last tour, and we happened to be there. In the train stations they have machines where you can buy women's underwear. It was Steve's birthday, so I bought some to throw at him so he would feel like a rock god on his birthday.

LISA: You really never listened to the song? You aren't interested to know what he thinks of your panties?

KIM: He mixes his vocals so low, what's the point?

LISA: Right around that time, in the late '80s, people who didn't know you suddenly decided to start contemplating sex with you. Do you think that song had anything to do with catapulting you into sex symbol status?

KIM: I don't know--maybe it did. A few people asked me in interviews after that, "Oh, how does it feel to be a sex symbol? Steve Albini wrote this song..."

LISA: People think a person is beautiful or sexy if it's "known" that that person is beautiful or sexy. If Steve Albini says you're sexy, then all of a sudden you *are*.

KIM: It's incredible how the media works like that. It's fascinating.

LISA: You have the body type that's most sought after by American women--small everything except medium-sized breasts. Is that your ideal body type too?

KIM: I didn't know it was the ideal body

type.

LISA: Nobody told you?

KIM: I thought the waif thing was in now--flat-chested.

LISA: Oh, they'll last two days. A "movement" of bunches of drugged, starving girls dressed in rags laying all over each other...hm!

KIM: I used to think of myself as big--not big as in fat, but as in a big, strong person. I don't know--I seem to be smaller now. Ho, ho, ho! I took all this ballet, and not only do your muscles get more compact when you do ballet, but even your bones get smaller.

LISA: Pardon me for examining your breasts so much, but--do you stuff? 'Cause sometimes you look a lot bigger.

KIM: Oh, no.

LISA: Maybe the "big" photos are taken right before your period.

KIM: Yeah. Also, my weight fluctuates. When I get heavier I suddenly have big breasts.

LISA: It's rather peculiar that you were such a frump when you were in your 20s--a time when people usually pay attention to their looks, and *later* you became so glamorous. Was it a studied frumpiness?

KIM: Not really. It was more that when I started getting more brainy I got uglier. From the time I was ten up till my early 20s I was hit on all the time. I sort of couldn't deal with it. I did have a mother who was a total prude and who was horrified that I was sexy at ten. When I was in junior high, I was a juvenile delinquent and wore make-up, and then I had my natural period where I was the long blonde hair California surfer girl. I

became very self-conscious as I got older. I would get dressed to look good, but then I'd look *too* good and it was like, "No, I can't wear this." Eventually I sort of forgot how to look good.

LISA: Did your parents tell you you were beautiful?

KIM: Not really. Other people would. Their friends would say, "How can you have such beautiful children?" Not that they would say my parents were *ugly*, but... Heh! When I moved back east in my mid-20s, my hair turned brown and I cut it and I sort of lost my identity in a way. That was the beginning of my frumpiness. That, and I went to art school.

LISA: Did you feel ugly?

KIM: Yeah, I felt really ugly. And I was wearing glasses.

LISA: Did you feel it was hopeless to try to improve your appearance or did you just not care?

KIM: I *cared*, but I was just...in a zone. A frumpy zone. And I was just so poor. As an artist, I was intrigued by fashion, but I couldn't really accept it; I couldn't give in to it. I was really self-conscious about everything I wore, but nothing that I wore looked really good. I thought fashion was evil because I was confusing fashion with trendiness. But that's not true at all--actually, fashion is ahead of its time.

LISA: Did you get married at that time?

KIM: A few years after that. We got married in '85.

LISA: What did you look like when you first met Thurston Moore?

KIM: Heh! Well, I was wearing my hair in a

little ponytail sticking out the side of my head. He thought that was really sweet, I guess. He's always saying, "How come you don't wear your hair like that anymore?" [Talk about why people say such mean things about celebrities whom they don't even know.]

KIM: That's just the way it is. This is sort of a postmodernist statement--popular culture is our landscape, but that's sort of what our history is.

LISA: I've seen some really nasty things about you in print. This one guy in England seemed to feel personally affronted by you wearing roller skates at your age.

KIM: David Stubbs. I was wearing roller blades, not skates.

LISA: How did you react to that?

KIM: Oh, I was furious. But I didn't know what to do. I was really, really mad because it was literally the meanest thing I've ever read about anyone.

LISA: Why do you suppose he said that stuff?

KIM: One thing is the weeklies are just looking for juicy copy. The other thing is that if you play melodious music, they don't write things like that about you. And if you're a boy and you sing like I sing, it's perfectly acceptable. He even accused Julie Cafritz of being old. Julie is 27 or 28. Just because she was in a band in the '80s she's considered old. There's such a Sonic Youth backlash because we've been around so long--it's like, "They're o-o-old." But almost everyone in Helmet is in their mid-30s. Mark Arm, God bless him, is 31. Obviously, it's really sexist, and they're really ageist [in England]. The next time someone asks me how old I am, I'm just gonna tell them I'm 2,000 years old, like Sun Ra.

LISA: Well, his tactic is effective in one way--we're certainly talking about him now. I never would have known the name David Stubbs otherwise--certainly not from his writing prowess.

KIM: I've had other reviewers say that.

LISA: It's poor manners. What made you switch from frumpy to glamorous?

KIM: Oh, I don't know! I thought, "I can do this too." I felt like after being bashed in England or whatever, clothes could be more of an armor--fashion could make me less vulnerable.

LISA: Did it work?

KIM: No. Now I think it's more interesting to be vulnerable, if you can deal with it. "Here I am. I'm not wearing shoulder pads." Like that woman in *Belly*. She hasn't got her fashion look together. She'll wear something soft and something...hard. She's unsophisticated. I think she really thinks she's being fashionable in a way, but to me she hasn't found a way that she looks really good. Everyone strives to be stylized, but sometimes it's more interesting when they haven't figured it out yet.

LISA: Like Lydia Lunch--I saw her sitting down and it was like there was a poster of "Lydia Lunch" on the chair. And all her answers were pat. I felt like she was reciting,



not talking to me at all. She's gotten so perfect she's boring.

KIM: I think she's a professional--whether she's a professional beatnik or a professional whatever, she does it thoroughly.

LISA: You are diplomatic! Why do you think women care about clothes so much?

KIM: Women don't have penises, they don't have any powerful, defining physical focal point. Unless they're "Russ Meyers" women and they have bullet bras. Women's sensuality isn't very defined or centralized--it's nebulous. So maybe fashion is women's way of giving themselves some defined sexuality. Another weird theory about fashion is that it's usually constructed by men, so it's sort of a way for men to talk to men. All those French Semiotics people talk about that.

Ian Christie

LISA: Do you feel that your penis is your powerful, defining physical focal point?

IAN: Not usually. Maybe a few hours a week--when a woman is looking at it, she's naked, I'm naked.... When it's erect and it's been made the focal point of my being.

LISA: Is there a type of female body that you find yourself drawn to? [long pause] You have to answer honestly, too--no political correctness.

IAN: I know. I'd say long and thin except that my history is pretty erratic. What attracts me to the long, thin form is full-body contact. My girlfriend of four years was six or nine inches shorter than me, and my feet were always out there alone. I don't rule out short women or medium-tall women.

LISA: Is there a male body type that you find most appealing?

IAN: Yeah, it seems like little short guys are really fluid when they move--fluid like they're one part.

LISA: I've never had a female friend who was happy with her body. Have you?

IAN: I don't think so. I can think of a lot of women who every single day say the same exact thing about their bodies--whether it's "My butt is so fat" or "Do you think I'm gaining weight?"

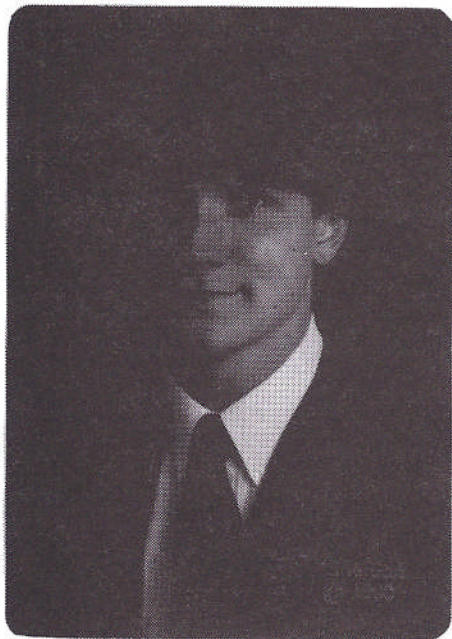
LISA: How do you feel when they say that?

IAN: I try to get them to stop it. It always bugs me because I can't fix it. There's nothing I can say that can make them stop worrying about their bodies. It's like it's this open wound that never goes away--women's self-image.

LISA: Does it disgust you?

Daisy VonFurth and Kim in Armani. Photo: Spike Jonze, April 1993





IAN: No. It's more like it puzzles me; I can't heal it.

LISA: I have a kind of ghoulish reaction--it attracts me. It's mysterious, it's unknown. It's like a club almost all women belong to, and I haven't been invited. It's not like I don't have anxieties or insecurities, but not this insane picking at, like you said, an open

wound...it attracts me somehow. I feel that they're *rewomanly* if they feel they're fat all the time. I'm not talking about the women I interviewed as much as my friends and weird, obsessed beauty magazine articles I read. I know it's horrible--I can see how much pain it causes. I guess I'm like this because of my obsession with gender. I don't care about the fat itself--I care about women caring so much about fat, because that seems to be a female characteristic.

IAN: You have more masculine ideas about appearance and identity?

LISA: It seems so. I know some women dress up just because they enjoy it, but the driving force for most seems to be anxiety--they want to draw attention away from what they feel are flaws by dressing up like a bird or something. I feel bad about it, but I'm, in a way, grateful that women do have anxiety and dress up, because I like the way a done-up woman looks. I feel lascivious!

IAN: I like it when women wear makeup and dress up and then forget about it. They do it because it's like some ancient thing that they were taught to do. Very few women I've known are like that, but it's very endearing. You can tell that they might have put lipstick on six or seven hours ago, but then they didn't think about it all day long and there are only like a few flakes left.

LISA: I like that too. You want to hear something horrible? Morgan Fairchild gave

this tip on how to keep lipstick on all day--she has this intense ritual for how to bite the food. She licks a certain part of the fork and moves her teeth around in a certain way. She has to keep her lips from touching the fork or the food. Imagine sitting across the table from that woman? It would be terrifying. I would become aware of my body in a hideous way.

IAN: Like someone trying to operate around a wound.

LISA: At the dinner table! Give me a synopsis of the last 50 years of fashion.

IAN: First, women oppressed. Then, feminism--women liberated. Then anti-feminist--which is where Madonna comes in.

LISA: Women breaking the rules of feminism because they were rules. And now?

IAN: Utter confusion. Everything at once.

LISA: That's true. I was just reading in *Bazaar* that the in thing now is androgyny and confusion about gender roles.

HAHAHA! And that's how I've been lately--dressing like a boy, confused.... Every time I think I'm finally finding out what I am, every time I think I'm finally being truthful with myself, then I pick up a *Bazaar* and I find out that it's actually a trend that I'm in.

IAN: Rats!

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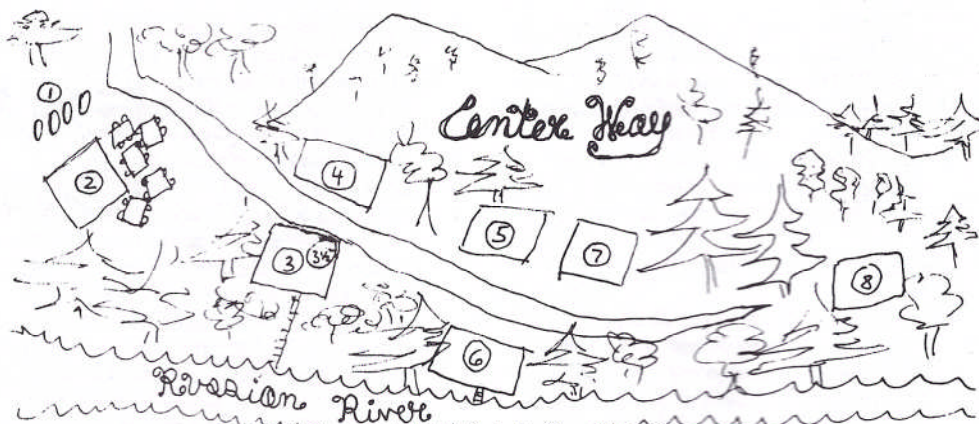


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RIGHT

1. The mailboxes
2. Rich people's house. They only show up about two weekends a year, riding in on half a dozen fancy antique cars.
3. Our house
- 3 1/2. Where I sleep with the window open because it's 105 °F
4. The Neighbors' house
5. House of the upwardly mobile couple who work in Santa Rosa and are never home
6. The landlords' house—they only come up on weekends in the summer. Mr. Landlord kicked one of our cats for sunning itself on his porch. Yet another demonstration of the lusty emotions run wild on Center Way.
7. Adultery goes on here. Claudia lives here. Every time her old man goes to the bathroom, she sneaks out and has sex. The husband clutched his chest in the middle of



Center Way and asked: "What am I going to do with all this pain?"

8. Jim, wife, and seven kids. Completely isolated.

The Neighbors are so American. Up buzzsawing at 3 AM—that's the pioneering spirit! They're confrontational. They have a dog, they have a rifle, they have an American flag. Their constitution is amazing—they've been living on speed and alcohol and the occasional steak for at least 16 years (that's how long my landlady has known them). The Neighbors are:

King Tough Guy: lures people over, gets them drunk, and beats them up in the street. There's a certain cunning in King's insults that is lacking in the others' standard stock of "You're a fucking queer" and "Well, and you're a goddamn asshole." Might be intelligent?

The Florid Neighbor: All the Neighbors are florid, but this one especially so. Seymour and I first saw him on a stormy morning as we cleared the twigs and leaves out of the drain at the end of our street. He was swaying back and forth on his porch, barking something down at us over and over. His face was a startling hue. I thought he was saying, "Are you clearing the drain?" so I kept yelling back, "YES!" As we got closer, we realized he was actually saying, "Are you Young Jim?" He was peering at Seymour and almost falling off the porch. It was a little unsettling.

Jim: is younger than the others by about a decade and has feathered hair and seven children. He lives at the end of the street.

Jack: wears glasses, is small, seems to be the only one consciously malevolent

—I don't know why I say that; he just looks shift.

Rocky and Randy: Dumb as fuck. Sample conversation:

Rocky and Randy have been fighting in the street for the last

hour and a half.

KING TOUGH GUY: Rocky's gonna go to jail and Randy's gonna be in the hospital.

RANDY: I don't care about me going to the hospital, but I don't want Rocky going to jail.

ROCKY: You and your fucking parables.

Rocky gets in the truck. Randy opens the driver's side door, falls on his ass, gets back up and drives off. The Neighbors on the porch laugh, and Rocky and Randy can be heard laughing too as they squeal away.

We are the Neighbors' neighbors:

CLOSE-UP OF NO. 4



Bill: started the war by turning down the Neighbors' offer of bean casserole all those months ago. They were so offended. Couldn't you have just taken one bite, Bill?

Seymour: records them, plotting future artistic exploitation. Seymour cackles a lot and cherishes several schemes, such as gluing the Neighbors' locks while they sleep so they're stuck in the house, then hooking up a series of battery operated

toy walkie-talkies by each window to play tape loops of his recording of them accusing us of not knowing how to have fun.

Cindy: feels that the Neighbors mirror us. Cindy says, "Literally there is only a street separating us. They go out on the porch with a beer in the morning, I go out with a cup of coffee. They walk in their bare feet a lot; I do too. I could easily be them." Which Neighbor would you choose to be, Cindy? "King Tough Guy, of course. Wouldn't you? He's the leader. Or maybe Hugo [the dog]—he gets star treatment."

Lisa: can't sleep. The brutal, unthinking and total fury with which the insomniac is woken up after having finally fallen asleep is known and feared by his or her bedmate, but the Neighbors are about as afraid of Lisa's midnight visits as an ox is of an angry gnat.

In past issues of *Rollerderby*, we've watched the Neighbors through fence slats and window blinds. Now we're going to bring the reader a little closer as...



Lisa Takes on the Neighbors (And the Neighbors Don't Care)

by Lisa

On Monday night, the 14 of June, the Neighbors were yelling about the stupidest things at the top of their lungs, just as loud as if they were a fleet of trucks. Which is nothing unusual, except that it had been exactly two months since I had enjoyed a good, long, uninterrupted sleep, and my frustration was honed to a vigorous edge.

Feeling insanely victorious, I leapt out of bed and, wearing only a t-shirt and unders, ran out onto our porch. I was determined to have the biggest fight ever with the Neighbors. But they were *inside* their house! What could I say: "Stop yelling in your own house"? Growing still more furious in my defeat, I got back into bed and from there, in the dark, yelled stupid stuff at the top of my lungs.

On Tuesday, King Tough Guy pulled the hair of Rocky and Randy. The duo had a secret meeting by some bushes to discuss the possibility of revenge, but deemed it too risky. "He put the deathgrip on my hair!" So they drove away. It seemed sweet somehow that these 40- and 50-year-old men were pulling each other's hair. But it was midnight, and I did not feel sentimental for long. The three Neighbors left were making as much noise as they had when they were five. I put my robe and sandals on and marched across the street to the foot of their porch, where they were reveling so heartily I couldn't get their attention. Their faces were pinkish purple. Finally Jack noticed me. "Come on up, Sweetheart!" "I don't wanna come up," I said meanly. "I want you to be more quiet now!" "Lady, we are *outta* control! Har, har, har! We can't be quiet! We're construction workers, and this is our Friday night." "Every night is your Friday night!" "We've been here 16 years—" "I don't care!" "What do you do for work?" said King Tough Guy. "I'm a waitress!" "I like cream in my coffee. HAR, HAR, HAR!"

Cleverly, I said, "Fuck you!" and went home.

After that, the party died down a bit--Jack went to bed, The Florid Neighbor was puking in the street, and King Tough Guy was leaning on a car. Florid joined King and they smoked cigarettes, talking. "I don't know why I got so drunk. I haven't had a drink in three weeks," said The Florid Neighbor. Then he puked again. I didn't see him wipe his mouth after. "You know me," he pleaded. King admitted he did know him. "I mean, you know me." It was 3 AM. We live on a dead end street, so it is very dark. The two men's cigarette tips were orange in the night. They were speaking in what they believed in their drunken-ness to be low voices. I was peeking out the blinds at them. Just then I saw something magical in their standing so close together, knowing each other. It reminded me of my pre-seventh grade friendships, when I really trusted people. Then he puked again.

On Wednesday night the boys got to work--hammering nails and swearing in their yard. At 1:30 I requested that they stop hammering. They did. They started buzzsawing instead.

I was sunning myself on our porch on Thursday when Jim told King Tough Guy two men from the electric company had just come to shut Jim's electricity off, but he begged them to let him have an hour to get the money to



Jim's Kids and Wife by Bill Callahan

The Neighbors are always beating on and yelling at each other, but the only time they ever raise their voices at Jim's kids is to warn them to stay on Center Way and to not play with the rats. Rocky or Randy even gave Toby, the six-year-old with the David Bowie Pin-Ups haircut, his Harley Davidson pin.

Toby is cute. She's always patrolling the street on her bike. She likes to trap me in long conversations.

TOBY: What's your name? (She asks that every time.)

ME: Bill.

TOBY: Yep, what's your name?

ME: *Bill*.

TOBY: Beel?

ME: Bill.

TOBY: Bill? My sister always picks your flowers.

ME: Well, that's OK.

TOBY: Huh? It's OK? Why is that OK?

ME: (edging up the stairs) Uh...

TOBY: Why is that OK to pick the flowers?

ME: (stopping at the top of the stairs to think) It just is.

TOBY: Why is that OK?

ME: I don't know! (dashes in, slams door)

She was cruising up and down the street on her bicycle. She started crying for no apparent reason and continued for a good 30 seconds until she aimed for a big rock, ran over it and tumbled to the ground. She stood up laughing and singing.

Once when I went out to get the mail, Toby was at my heels. "I'm trying to catch my dog," she explained. "Oh. What's his name?" "Stevie Ray Vaughn. He'll bite you." "OK." We walked together for 20 feet. Then Toby stopped, not daring to enter the for-bidden zone where the mailboxes are, off Center Way, and where Stevie Ray Vaughn stood lapping at a puddle of mud and glaring at me. "He's gonna biiiite yooooou," Toby yodeled, as if my stepping four paces off Center Way had sud-denly made me very far away. But I wasn't go-ing to mess with Stevie Ray Vaughn. I've seen him fight. He fights with Hugo (King's dog) --it takes three men to break it up. The mail

drawings: Bill Callahan



RANDY

them, and they did grant him an hour. So now he had to get half the rent money back from the landlord and walk downtown—which takes a half hour—and give it to the electric company. He said to King and Claudia, "[Welfare] used to send two checks a month. Now they send the whole thing at once. How do they expect you to goddamn save it till the end of the month? That's fucked!" "I know," said King—"they're stupid." Jim complained for a while about being in jail for five days for spousal abuse, then the subject of DWIs came up. Jim had five. King had four. "I have two!" Claudia piped up. A truck pulled up—it was Rocky and Randy. The DWI conversation resumed (Rocky and Randy both had three). "Come on," I muttered, "you've been standing there for twenty minutes. You're never going to get to the electric company in time for your appointment!" The purported queerness of Randy was introduced as the next topic to discuss. About ten hours later Jim went downtown.

Friday night there was a big midnight discussion about how one guy would get to work the next day. The options were: car, bicycle, or walk. There was almost a fist fight over it, but everyone passed out instead.

Saturday night. I woke to Cindy's screams of delight: "King Tough Guy's bashing Jim's head into the fence!" I ran down the hall to her room. She said she would call the sheriff. "I report crimes!" she proclaimed.

We looked out the window while awaiting the sheriff's arrival, trying to see who was winning.

"You fucking whore, you cheap Mexican whore!" Jim was standing at the bottom of King Tough Guy's stairs, yelling up at his wife, who was in a fetal position on the porch. Apparently he wanted his wife to come home, but she didn't share his desire at that moment.

Jim's wife, who is skinny and has long brown hair and seven children, normally has a very smart mouth (she once called King Tough Guy a "flimsy fruitcake"). But she completely lost it when Jim called her a cheap Mexican whore. "I'll come home, Jim, I'll come home," she sobbed—"just you go first, OK?" But Jim didn't want to go first. So King and Jim went back to their sumo wrestling match in the street.

"Do you really think I beat my wife, huh?" demanded Jim while still locked in King Tough Guy's embrace.

The Florid Neighbor appeared on the porch and said, "Ye-e-es." "You shut up!" said Jim.

Finally, the sheriff's deputies arrived. One smoked cigarettes with Jim and The Florid Neighbor while the other convinced Jim's wife to go home. (King Tough Guy—he whose name is on the lease—hid at the approach of the sheriff's car.)

On Sunday, all was quiet; it was now the 20th of June, and everyone's welfare and unemployment and SSI checks had run out, and only the barest rations of beer were left to be stretched over the next ten days.

Conclusion

Bill and Cindy saw King drinking brandy out of a brandy glass while all the other Neighbors chug-a-lugged straight from the bottle. That glimmer of elegance combined with his trying to protect Jim's wife makes King the hero of this issue. Jim, whose name was celebrated in Rollerderby #10 for telling the truth about his stolen jacket, has lost all claim to the title. I hate people who are late to appointments.

P.S. Jack landed a contractor's job in Hawaii for the most of July. The Neighbors celebrated. They were singing "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" with dirty lyrics at 2 AM. I went over. They saw me standing in the open door in my robe. Jack said, "Here comes trouble." I walked in and said, "Congratulations on going to Hawaii. I certainly wouldn't want you to not throw a going-away party for Jack—I just wish you could do it a tiny bit more quietly." They were surprised by my niceness! They insisted I join the party, but I insisted I go home and sleep. They were much more quiet until 3 o'clock when one shouted, "Look at the moon! It's over the beautiful neighbor's house!" I was touched. The next day, Cindy and I decided that when Jack comes back, we're going to go party with the Neighbors!



Toby + Toby's mom + Sister

could wait.

Toby has a sister about eight years old named Rita who looks like how I imagine Kim Gordon looked at that age. She wears prim and proper dresses to school. I bet when she picks the flowers she puts them in a vase in her room. Yesterday I saw her walking home from school. About 40 feet from her house, she stepped slightly into the woods, took from her knapsack a bag of food and shoved all of it into her mouth before going home.

Jim's wife looks like Margot Kidder, if Margot Kidder had been popped in the face from childhood on. Her face is pitted, gaunt, her teeth are ragged. But there's this spirit in her face that seems to struggle up through it all. It looks painful.

She is fiercely protective of her kids, Stevie Ray Vaughn, and her dishes. One time a car came screeching down Center Way 80 miles per hour and stopped right at Jim's house, bumping into it and apparently knocking a plate off the mantelpiece. Jim's wife came out and screamed, "You fucking bitches! You broke my plate! You're gonna kill one of my kids one day!" Four guys got out of the car and all the Neighbors went down to meet them. The Florid Neighbor "bopped [the driver] one in the head" (as he later described it), "and that motherfucker went down." The four guys went back where they came from—at five miles per hour. The only other time I heard Jim's wife curse was when someone kicked Stevie Ray Vaughn in the leg.

In the afternoon I go out on the porch and watch her walk Toby home from the school bus stop. Sometimes she looks up at me and smiles. We've never exchanged words.

Rocky told her how much AA helped him and that she should start going to NA meetings again. Rocky had a beer in his hand. She said, "All I need is one weekend alone. Dave came over to visit and it's been five days now and he hasn't left. I mean, Jim's in jail..."

I saw a beaming King Tough Guy holding Toby's little sister. "She's dead!" he announced to Center Way. His big mouth was three inches from her little ear, but she slept on, undisturbed. "She's out cold! She's been asleep in my arms for half an hour!" Jim's wife eventually came to fetch her, but King continued to babble "she's out cold!" and clung to the child. "No, I'll carry her home for you," he almost insisted. The three moved down the street to Jim's house. It looked like the perfect marriage Jim's wife maybe dreams, or used to dream, about. A few moments later King reappeared, alone, clutching a beer can.



Stevie Ray Vaughn

The Yellow Paint Show

This is what happened as I saw it: On

18 June 1993 at the Chameleon in the Mission District of San Francisco, Heavenly Ten Stems sang emotional pop duets in Cantonese, Hindi and Japanese and played instruments including trombone, violin, banjo, guitar, and keyboards, making possibly the prettiest music I have ever heard live—and that includes Andrew Lloyd Webber musicals in that hall in New York with the good acoustics. Most of the songs were originally part of movie soundtracks, so there could be, say, the sound of a car crash right in the middle of a love song. The songs tell stories. When I was 10, 11 and 12, my mother and I would visit my mother's friend who was a paraplegic. As I found their conversation boring, I spent most of the visits examining a painting. I believe it was a watercolor and I believe it was Chinese. It was about four feet by five feet. It was an aerial view of a war from a long time ago. Two tribes were moving toward each other in no apparent hurry, on foot and on horse. They carried weapons. A thin, winding river that ran from the upper left corner to the lower right corner of the painting separated them. There were some thatched houses. Everything was tiny as it was so far away. The painting fascinated me because it was a depiction of war that, through its delicate composition and coloring (mostly beige), gave me a sense of peace. That's how I felt listening to Heavenly Ten Stems—the music's prettiness gave me peace. Then someone threw yellow paint on the female singer. Then someone threw a full glass of beer on the person who threw the paint. Something else was thrown. I thought, "Well, a food fight doesn't really seem to go with the music, but the audience looks really into it—it's always nice to see people uninhibited." Then two Asian American females and one African American were yelling at the band members and at one point one of the three

unplugged an effects box and the music stopped. One of the Asian Americans—who was wearing faded t-shirt and shorts—and American singer Lala—who was wearing a Chinese opera singer's dress, curled black wig with baby's breath and other little flowers in it—were punching and ripping at each other on-stage. I didn't know what to do, so I grabbed my friend's video camera and got up there for some close-ups. One of the Asian American females tried to wrestle the camera out of my hand. Like a true capitalist, I chastised her with the exclamation: "It's not yours! Let go!" She did. The action died down,

the three instigators left. Lala ran downstairs. I tried to follow the three females so I could ask them why they did what they did, but they were gone. I found Lala's wig and brought it downstairs. She was all alone except for one male. She was trying to get the paint out of her left eye. I gave her the wig and she asked if I thought she should wear it and go back upstairs. I said, "Yes!" Later I would wonder whether or not Heavenly Ten Stems' show was offensive and feel muddled, but at that moment I felt very confident that the show must go on. Censorship by nature is so insidious—and thus unfightable—but here was an example of tangible censorship—a violent interruption of a show. I was excited that this censorship would be beat by the continuation of the show. Lala's dress was torn badly, so I took two strips, one from the front and one from the back, and tied them together over her shoulder so that the dress would stay up. Her chest was bleeding. Her eyes were sparkling and she was full of spirit. She did not look elegant like she had before, but there was something defiantly beautiful in her going out in ruined dress and wig askew to face whatever might await her in the crowd. What was going on up there was: lead male singer Mark, wearing a cowboy outfit, was trying to explain the intent of the band—to pay



Photo from old show, before Lala ditched the Dragon Lady look

Photo by Elisabeth Sisco

homage to this music that they love. He appeared to be very earnest. The crowd was excited. Audience members were yelling things like "You sold out the white race!" Each remark was met with laughter. I was about to yell "Freebird!" and then I looked around me—everyone was white. Everyone. I suddenly felt uneasy, and decided not to yell "Freebird."

When Heavenly Ten Stems finished up their set, Windy Chien passed out flyers which said in part: "When one dresses up in Asian drag, which, to a society whose cultural awareness has been



Japanese females in stars and stripes
Photo by Charles Peterson

really. ... Let's hope no one ever has to see black-face here or anywhere—but that's white privilege's decision." After I had skimmed the paper, Windy was gone. "She went that-a-way," someone told me, and I ran off in that direction. A group of five or six Latin Americans yelled "Chili con carne!" at me. When I finally gave up hope of finding Windy, I returned the way I had come, and they yelled "chili con carne" at me again, laughing. Were they saying I am a spicy dish?

Windy was back at the club. I asked her why Lala's costume was so offensive. "Here is another example of how Asian American women are portrayed in the media," she said. "Asian American people look like me, not her." I said: *It's a beautiful costume from the past.* "It's beautiful, but it's not for a white person." *Did you know the paint got in Lala's eye?* "It's water soluble. I support the anger but I think that what Sharon did was not productive. I would have preferred dialogue. I have no problem with educating white people." *How do you think white people should act—like white people?* "Yeah. There is a long tradi-

dulled and distorted, means re-enacting stereotypes, one is actively contributing to and ensuring the continuance of a historical tradition of white people's co-optation of other cultures. People of color have been fighting for self-representation for years and years, and it has been denied us (Kate Hepburn in *Dragon Seed*...*Vanilla Ice*) for just as long. Only white people enjoy the insidious privilege of cultural tourism. Only white people get to pick and use those aspects of other cultures which suit their needs, yet can remain unscathed by the daily problems encountered by the oppressed groups. ... American standards for 'good' music/art/movies dominate this world... In other words, while people of color might imitate, white people co-opt, and the latter is much more dangerous. ... The Heavenly Ten Stems' music is great,

tion of white people co-opting other cultures. [HTS] are continuing this tradition of their racist forefathers. Know what I mean?" *I know that it's pretty narrow to say that a white person has to act like a white person.* *What's a white person?* But she didn't answer my question, and talked instead about minstrel shows. *When we're kids, we dress up in every*

Two tribes were moving toward each other in no apparent hurry, on foot and on horse.

role—all cultures, all occupations, and it's fine and no one is offended. We're exploring. "When you're an adult you start to become aware of who is the dominant race, who has control in this society. White people have control of the images in this society. Why do you think there are no Asian characters or no Asian American characters in sitcoms in this country? 'Cause white people control representation."

Audience member Jonathan "would have preferred it would have been presented in a more musicalogical way—if they were to come up on-stage dressed in normal, Western clothes and say, 'We're going to play some songs from India and China. This next song is about...blah, blah, blah.' I think that would be OK." *They were being theatrical.* "Their costumes were offensive."

Nancy: "I think you have to pay a greater sensitivity if you're white. It is an obligation. You have to understand different points of view. We have to go through certain evolutions of racial understanding. I think we're very sensitive to the black point of view right now because it's been vocalized a lot." *I didn't ask to be white. I don't want to have to be serious and careful about everything just because I was born that way. I can like Asian music and costumes too.* "I totally agree with you, but at the same time I think someone could say in the 1930s what you just said about being at a minstrel show—'Don't take it too



White people playing white people

seriously, we're just having fun!" *Africans were kidnapped and forcibly stripped of their religion and customs. That's different.* Jonathan: "Blacks are still oppressed. And blackface is still out there."

Heavenly Ten Stems' show was similar to minstrel shows in that both are characterized by different cultures tossing music back and forth—HTS do Western versions of Asian versions of Western pop songs while white minstrel performers did versions of black slave songs and then, privately, blacks did their version of the whites' version. Heavenly Ten Stems shows are dissimilar to minstrel shows in that the latter told jokes and made assumptions about "the negro character"—that it is "shiftless, irresponsible, thieving, happy-go-lucky..." (Eileen Southern, *The Music of Black Americans*, pg. 96) and I saw none of that in the former. Also, minstrel performers painted their faces black and their lips big and white and pretended that's what blacks look like. No one in HTS painted his or her face yellow—they *dressed up* as some people of various cultures *dress up*.

Lala: "Sharon was yelling, 'Her dress is Korean!' Another girl was yelling, 'Her dress is Vietnamese!' I was dressed as a Chinese opera singer. If they're such gatekeepers of their culture then why don't they know more about it? I'm taking lessons in Cantonese. I have tickets to go to a Chinese opera tonight. Feelings about music aren't restricted to color of skin. The [Chinese opera] singer was so happy at my enthusiasm for it. It's a dying art. [White people] are told to learn about other cultures—but we better not dare appreciate or try to understand them! To blame all your alienation on the fact that you're Asian American is naive and not taking responsibility. I know what it's like to be ostracized—I was fat growing up. Windy said I was dressed as a dragon lady, but I wasn't. I dressed that way for the first show but changed when I learned that Windy found it offensive. I was willing to make further changes. Windy told Mark, 'Well, if you can't face it, why don't you have a drink'—which is really hateful. Her anger is *not* at us. Sharon left a long message on Mark's answering machine comparing him to Hitler. That belittles what Hitler did. It's disgusting. She's trying to justify her violence with self-righteousness, which was what Hitler did."

Mark: "She said, 'You may think you had good intentions, but so did Hitler. You might think you know what's best for Asians, but so did Hitler for the Jews and the Germans.' I don't want to talk about it anymore."

Paul: "Hitler didn't try to sing Yiddish songs. He wasn't experimenting with different cultures. The German people were feeling victimized in the '30s. [Nazism] was about cultural purity." *Germany for Germans only; Asian culture for Asians only.* "Right. And fascism is ideology with no discourse—smash or silence all contrary ideas. Like Sharon's response to the show."

"Race is now what sex was in Victorian times. It's the new taboo. People are in a state of denial about race. You have to be on eggshells, there's an inability to discuss it. Freud called hysteria a conflict between sexual desire and sexual repressiveness, which made people very emotional. My friend Elisabeth and I were in a bar talking about movies and she said *Dances With Wolves* was supposed to be the new P.C. Western, but that it's still the same old thing—white hero. This guy got up, pushed her really hard, and said, 'You've got a lot of nerve talking about that—you're about as white as they come.' He was white himself."

Everyone's talking about white people, but no one will tell me what a white person is. So I telephoned Windy and asked her again. *Define "white person."* "If you grow up white in this country, you're a racist. If you're not, you need to prove to me you're not." *You accuse*

gay white male leftists the same as hetero CEOs. Their experiences and points of view cannot be judged together. I had to sleep in the same bed as my mother until I was almost 13 years old because there was no money for a room or bed of my own. The other room in our apartment was a kitchen-slash-living room. The landlord came up one day and backed into a mirror and broke it. He neither cleaned up the broken glass nor offered to buy a new one nor apologized. Why should he? What could we do against him? Your blanket statements about white people's privilege makes pretend the indignities my mother and I went through never existed. "I grew up upper-middle class. I have to prove to you that I'm not a classist." *I didn't ask you to prove that to me. I don't lump you in with all rich people; I don't know your relationship to your money. And you don't know my relationship to my skin color, yet you judge me as a white person.* "I never, ever invalidate anyone's personal experiences of discrimination in any form when I talk about *my* experiences. Our society is a racist one, and a sexist one, and a classist one, and we haven't, in the past, been taught to question how the superiority machine works. Our society wants us to think and act (or passively not act) in a way which preserves the society, and since this society is fucked up, we're encouraged to think and act accordingly. We're supposed to think it's OK that we hardly ever see Asian women in the media and art, that it's OK that a disgustingly



Molasses and January, blackface, 1930s

large portion of the images are stereotypes, that it's OK that stupid specimens of maleness think it's a compliment to call me Connie Chung. Lala's image of Asian women was a familiar, comfortable representation for a lot of ignorant people. I'm not judging. I'm trying to educate."

Seymour: "No, she and her friends are the judge, jury and prosecution. Guilty until proven innocent was the method of the witch hunts, McCarthyism, etc. Heavenly Ten Stems were publicly sentenced before it was proved that they were guilty of the crime. And now Sharon has talked to the band several times and determined that they are thoughtful and not racist—what is she going to do about having humiliated them and painted them as racist in the eyes of hundreds of people? Is she going to go find those hundreds of people and explain she was mistaken?"

Band member Alex Behr: "When you're labeled a racist, you're labeled racist, and there's not much you can do about it. I feel like they have valid points. At the same time, it's like being in this nightmare—being accused. When you're accused of child abuse, people automatically doubt you. With yellow paint on us, an image of us as racists was burnt into people's eyes. Flags go up for people and then they just can't see rationally. For me, too—certain fraternities or sororities—I see them as flags, not real people. I think that it's gone beyond

the point of seeing people as individuals." *While the fighting was going on, everyone's face was very animated except for yours—you looked hypnotized. What were you thinking?* "I thought about Operation Rescue people when they attack people going to clinics for abortions—they feel justified. I felt embarrassed. I consider myself a liberal person."

Mark: "What they did was give us two choices: be defiant and make the band into a crusade, or be intimidated and quit. It can't be just music and appreciation anymore. It can't be innocent anymore, which I guess is what they wanted. I've lost all enthusiasm for keeping the band going." Responds HTS fan Tugskins: "They're fucking wimps if they quit. Nobody does that music live anymore. Nobody. When I was in India, the big thing was Batman and Prince. Old Indians—I would sing old Indian movie tunes and they would say, 'Oh! Wonderful! I forgot that movie—it is so beautiful!' People wanted me to dress in their outfits there 'cause they thought it would be more respectful when we went out. Third world countries are portrayed on TV as people to feel sorry for, Sally Struthers is asking you to send them money. How many fucking white kids are ever going to be exposed to this kickass Asian music, this beautiful part of [Asian] culture? [Playing other cultures' music] is not 'cultural tourism'—art and music are a link between people who don't speak the same language."

Louies: "Everything should be done. There should be racist magazines, there should be Christian magazines, equally offensive. All the cards should be on the table. There should be Armageddon of words and music forever."

I wanted to call Sharon to get her version of what happened, but it seems she is content just to call band members over and over—to leave her number so that the courtesy could be repaid is not in her plan.

What I find most interesting in all this is the way individuals leap into camps at the least sign of tension. M. Gerould wrote into *SF Weekly* saying she or he was on the side of the paint-throwers but didn't dare say anything at the time out of fear, comparing the audience to a mob. I was afraid of the same crowd, but for the opposite reason—interviewing some of them outside the club, I felt and heard hostility aimed at me due to my only slightly provocative questioning style. I was called racist. I was scared! Lala is, under normal circumstances, a fairly popular person. At least 20 of her friends were at the show that night. Yet once she was branded (but not proven) a racist, only two people would be with her as she tried to clean up her wounds. (And one of the two—me—hardly even knew her.) That was probably partly due to audience members not wanting to go backstage. Still, no one in club management was there, no one from the other bands, none of the people who were mingling down there earlier—no one was there to see if she was all right I'm not fit to judge whether Lala's choice of dress was racist or not—it's a subject worth discussing. However, this is sure: a physical assault on her was allowed to happen and went unpunished.

In the past, interviewees have been quite eager to give me their full names—even when it will be attached to such intimate stories

as their virginity loss or poop misadventures. About this issue, however, not a single audience member gave me both names, and some even insisted on pseudonyms. Several eyed me suspiciously and demanded to know what this was "for." Paul was right—race is the new taboo. While people willing to stand by their opinion in print were scarce, the opinions themselves were plethoric. Kathy Molloy from *Snipehunt* called me to get information for an article she was writing on how insane "those people" were for thinking HTS are racist. I suggested she call Windy to get the other side of the story, but she didn't sound too interested. She realized later that, due to the fact she was mad because it was happening to her friends plus that she hadn't been there, it would be unethical for her to comment on the incident. Sylvia Tan from the *Bay Guardian* didn't have that realization. She reported it as if what she was saying were facts, but they weren't the facts I saw. For instance, she writes: "Reports of the incident imply that they began their attack 'immediately,' but neglected to point out that the protesters listened to three songs before getting onstage to speak, and only when that failed, to lob their [water] balloons." What she doesn't mention (and how could she know, since she wasn't there and was getting her information from Sharon, who suggested she write the article?) is that after the third song is when Lala first made her appearance—and the only thing "spoken" was someone grabbing a microphone and yelling something I couldn't make out and Sharon shouting, "Hey, you forgot this!" or something like that as she threw the paint. (The water balloons Tan refers to were not seen by me or anyone I talked to, but if the protesters claim they had water balloons, I

won't doubt them. I also don't doubt that Tan's emphasis on water balloons in her article [she mentioned them three times] turned an event that ruined fancy clothes and equipment—as well as a few people's reputation in a lot of people's eyes—into a pretty innocuous-sounding affair.) I remember reading about a test done in the '70s. An actor burst into an English class and pretended to mug the teacher. Afterwards, the students were asked to write down what happened. Not a single pair of student recountals matched. If people get that confused in a brightly lit classroom when they're sober, how can people be so sure they know what happened and who's right and who's wrong in the Heavenly Ten Stems incident, when it was dark and most people there were tipsy? Even some people who were home in bed while it happened think they know the truth about it. I left New Hampshire partly due to its inhabitants' lack of curiosity. (There were, of course, exceptions.) In a way activists here are just as much followers in their didactic rhetoric as New Hampshireers were in their apathy—people adapt to the way of the land. I've always been afraid of mobs. The hint of hysterical loyalty and condemnation—on both sides—I saw in the days following the Heavenly Ten Stems' show is an indication of a dangerous part of human nature just waiting to rip some individual to shreds.

Then a note from Alex put the whole thing into proportion: "I've talked about H. Ten Stems to strangers. Today—got my hair cut & hair dresser seemed a lot more shocked that Matt refuses to go to a barber than my sad band tale." LC

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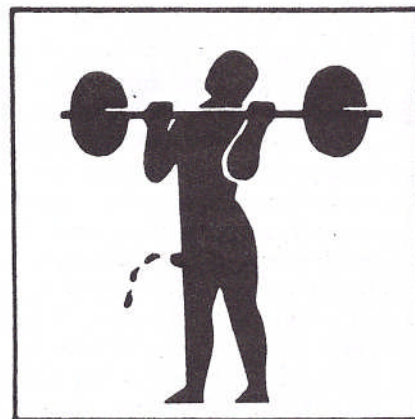
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LAST NIGHT, Rocky told Cindy he wanted to meet us. Cindy said OK. He came up, kissed me on the head, and sat down next to Cindy. He said, "Move! You're making me feel uncomfortable!" Cindy's thigh was touching Rocky's. Bill was on the other side of C. on the couch. Seymour and I were putting on our coats, going out for some late-night clam chowder. R. said, "You leaving because of me?" I said, "No." He said, "I'm the neighbor from hell!" I said, "Which one are you?" He said he was Rocky and offered me a toke off his joint. I declined. He insisted. I said I get violent when I smoke. R. said, "I like that already!" Then he said, "Your hair looks like shit like that, by the way." My hair was in two pigtails on top of my head. I said, "Thanks. Yours looks great, though." His hair had a baseball cap on it. C. said, "That was mean, why did you say that?" Rocky was downright surprised. "I didn't mean it as an insult!" C. was still staring at him, demanding an explanation. "It just looks funny, and I just say it like it is." After S. and I left, R. suddenly explained that he uses his body every day the most, so his body is his best point. He looked at Bill and noted, "Now this guy, I can see that he uses his mind, not his body. No offense." He told C. he doesn't want us to move because he doesn't want any faggots moving in. (We leave on August 1st.) As he left he said he would apologize to me (for the comment about my hair) but then decided not to because "that's the way I felt." He asked C. for a hug and she gave him one.

- LC

14 July 93



by Lisa Crystal Carver

The Strangled Beatoffs

I can't hear how the music is made. I think it would be safe to say there's a lot of layering of hissing or high, grating sounds and slow, low riffs. The music might be sophisticated, but I'm not sure. The sentiments expressed might be crude. Or vice versa. The music certainly doesn't get me thinking—it has the opposite effect. And I can't remember it after it's over. I even caught myself with my mouth drooping open one time after listening to "(Beat Me with a) Rump Roast." I also fell asleep in the middle of the day once listening to a tape of their old singles. The music causes the same reaction in me that orgasms do, which is exactly the same as the one I get when I stand up too suddenly and my anemia's kicking in and everything goes starry and there's no time or limits and lots of things are going on but I can't remember what they were when I come back into my body and I'm on my knees hugging a wall or something. Maybe the Beatoffs aren't exactly like that. Close enough, though. Interviewed July 1.

LISA: Are you manly?

STAN: Of course.

LISA: Care to expand on that?

STAN: Uh...no.

LISA: I don't use my hand for masturbating—I prefer to imagine that the object I'm using is doing it to me. How do you masturbate?

STAN: The same way.

LISA: With an object?

STAN: Mm-hm.

LISA: What object?

STAN: Uh, depends.

LISA: What did you use the last time you did it?

STAN: HUH! I don't remember.

LISA: What kind of objects?

STAN: Oh, basketballs or whatever. Whatever's handy.

LISA: Do you carve out the basketball?

STAN: Yeah!

LISA: Well now that's interesting. I've never heard that before.

STAN: Hwuh-hwuh-hwuh.

LISA: In fact, that reminds me of one of your songs!

STAN: Oh yeah? Which one?

LISA: "Fake Eyeball."

STAN: Huh.

LISA: It's like a big eyeball.

STAN: Kind of, I guess.

LISA: Is that what most of the objects you've used are like? Round, gutted objects?

STAN: Nuh, it depends, I guess.

LISA: Are you sure you're not lying? 'Cause every guy I know just uses his hands almost all the time.

STAN: Oh yeah?

LISA: Yeah.

STAN: Maybe they're lying.

LISA: No, I'm sure of it.

STAN: Hhheh! How?

LISA: I've seen 'em do it.

STAN: Heh, heh, heh. Most of the time, though? Maybe it was just that occasion.

LISA: Well, I stay home all the time when I can, so I keep track of these things.

STAN: And they come over and... masturbate in front of you?

LISA: Naw, I usually live with 'em.

STAN: Oh. Hweh!

LISA: Ssss! Ha, ha!

STAN: Huc, huc!

LISA: Hneh, hneh. So, what else besides the basketball? See, I'll know that you're making this up if you can't list a bunch of things.

STAN: Mn, it's kind of private.

LISA: I don't believe you.

STAN: Huh, huh! Wanna ask Fritz?

LISA: Oh yes, yes. Fritz? Are you manly?

FRITZ: Uh, in a feminine sort of way.

LISA: Are you two gay lovers?

FRITZ: Unh-unh.

LISA: Oh. What do you use to masturbate?

FRITZ: Oh, my right hand. I'm left-handed, though.

LISA: You guys are not giving me enough details on your masturbation.

FRITZ: Oh! Well! You know—what is there to say? It's like waking up—you know, you get tired of it after a while but you do it anyway. Just like anything else. Just like opening the window and looking out the window, or checking the mail.

LISA: A girl named Kelly described you to me like this: "really funny and really fucked! He never leaves his house except to go to record conventions. Some cunt-drip bitch kicked him over and now he's bitter so he doesn't go out 'cause he'll kill her and her new fuck."

FRITZ: Yeah, that sums it up pretty much! I never leave my house except to go buy records, and hate all my ex-girlfriends.

LISA: Oh, there's a bunch of them?

FRITZ: Well, there's—no, not a bunch. Well, I don't know. What's a bunch these days? Heh, heh, heh.

LISA: Well I don't know. What's your bunch?

FRITZ: Two. Basically my life is summed up [in Kelly's quote]—how 'bout that? All nail and no thumb. Heh, heh!

LISA: I don't get it.

FRITZ: Oh, you hit all nail and don't get your thumb.

LISA: You hit your nail?

FRITZ: No—you did! You hit all nail and no thumb. That's a witticism.

LISA: Oh, thank you.

LISA: We're going to analyze some of your lyrics now. "Watch TV/ smoke some coke/crack your knuckles/get ready to choke/ strangle me baby/strangle me honey." Is that a description of a particular relationship or a philosophy or...

STAN: Just a day in my life.

LISA: How can you afford cocaine?

STAN: Uh, I can't anymore. That was an old song—that was on our first record.

LISA: What were you doing then that you had so much money?

STAN: Uh! I'd rather not say.

LISA: Were you a prostitute?

STAN: Hem, hem. No.

LISA: Were you a drug dealer?

STAN: No.

LISA: Oh, were you a history teacher?

STAN: Close.

LISA: How come you don't do it anymore?

STAN: Oh, I got fired.

LISA: How come?

STAN: My driving record.

LISA: Were you a pizza deliverer?

STAN: Huh, huh! Naw, I was a bus driver.

LISA: Did you get along well with the riders?

STAN: Yeah.

LISA: Well, good. You're very laconic.

STAN: What's that?

LISA: Uh, you don't talk that much.

STAN: I'm watching Hitler on t.v. Maybe I outta turn it down?

LISA: Yes, please. Back to that song. It doesn't describe a very constructive or creative life, yet you make all this music, so you must be constructive and creative.

STAN: Yeah, we only get together and play every once in a while though, so...

LISA: The lyrics in all your songs sound meaningful to me. Does that embarrass you?

STAN: Mm...embarrass me? Why?

LISA: I kinda get the feeling that you want to come off as kind of dumb. But I thought it was really smart and full of essence... I'm guessing you don't want people to see you that way.

STAN: Oh, I don't care how they think of me.

LISA: You don't care at all?

STAN: Ho, ho! Not really.

LISA: Why put out these records then?

Opposite page...

The story of P: First Polly is a little girl walking home with Da to the doggle. Then she is a grown woman and she is stabbed. She is paralyzed and during reconstructive surgery a doctor accidentally gives Polly a sex change. She rehabilitates. She is stabbed again.



STAN: Oh, I don't know. Something to do. Hweh, hweh, hweh!

LISA: Do you smoke a lot of marijuana?

STAN: As much as I can.

LISA: Is that why the music's so repetitious?

STAN: Mweh...maybe, I don't know. Just kinda like it that way, really. Don't you?

LISA: Yeah.

STAN: See there?

LISA: Why did you start Strangulated Beatoffs instead of just staying with Drunks With Guns?

STAN: Drunks With Guns weren't doing anything at the time and uh, sounded like a good idea.

LISA: Do you get a lot of good ideas?

STAN: Yeah, I get a million of them.

LISA: Do you do most of them?

STAN: No. Hardly any. Heh, heh, heh!

LISA: What smells do you like?

STAN: Steaming vagina.

LISA: Really with steam coming out?

STAN: Yeah.

LISA: How do you get it like that?

STAN: Hhhh, hhhh, hhhh. Put a baked potato up

inside there.

LISA: HAHA! How often have you smelled this?

STAN: HEH! More than a couple.

LISA: Fritz has two ex's. How many do you have?

STAN: Awh...I don't know.

LISA: You're giving me malarkey. I really wanna know what smells you like.

STAN: Ah, ha! That's all I can think of right now, y'know?

LISA: What do you actually smell now?

STAN: Just beer that Fritz brought over.

LISA: Tell me about St. Louis.

STAN: Kinda dead, really.

LISA: Hey, did you know GG Allin died?

STAN: Did he really?

LISA: Apparently from a drug overdose. How do you want to die?

STAN: Old age.

LISA: Do you know what your IQ is?

STAN: Mm, 162, something like that.

LISA: Good Lord! Are you pulling my leg?

STAN: No. You're on the phone, how can I pull your leg?

LISA: In thought. 162. So you're a genius.

STAN: Yeah. Fritz is a big college man, so I guess he's smart too. I never went to college.

LISA: What are your live shows like?

STAN: We've only played live once—a five minute show in Chicago.

LISA: Why only five minutes?

STAN: Uh, I don't remember. [Consults with Fritz] Oh yeah—Big Chief. We beat up Big Chief. We were using Big Chief's equipment, and they didn't like it or something—the way we were using it. So we stole all their beer tickets and—. Heh, I forgot about that.

LISA: Did you beat up the whole band?

STAN: No, just the singer, really—he was a dick.

LISA: Do you get in a lot of fights?

STAN: No, not many.

LISA: Do you ever lose?

STAN: No.

LISA: What's your secret? Do you take karate?

STAN: No.

LISA: Do you work out?

STAN: No.

LISA: Do you have, you know—the eye?

STAN: The eye? I guess I do.

LISA: What do you do with your time?

FRITZ: I spend two hours a day watching soap operas. Then I go shopping and then I come home and take a nap and then eat and go to bed.

LISA: What are your soaps?

FRITZ: "All My Children" and "One Life to Live."

LISA: What's going on in them right now that's exciting?

FRITZ: "One Life to Live" is probably the best TV show ever made. There's a big rape trial. This chick is saying that these four guys gang-raped her and only three of them did. She's having doubts—if she drops the charge on the one she knows is innocent, the other three will get cut loose too.

LISA: Why can't she just say it was those three and not the fourth?

FRITZ: I don't know—I'll have to watch tomorrow and find out.

LISA: How do you feel when you watch those shows?

FRITZ: They're more real people to me than real people are.

LISA: Do you ever cry over them?

FRITZ: Once. When this girl died, it was pretty emotional. Her name was Megan. And "All My Children" is pretty heavy this week—a bunch of characters are getting killed off.

LISA: You know that in advance from reading *TV Guide*?

FRITZ: Yeah. It's pointless—I wish they wouldn't do that.

LISA: You don't have to read it.

FRITZ: Oh, yeah, I know. But I'd rather know what's going on in [the actors'] real lives.

LISA: And then they just spring these new plot twists on you.

FRITZ: Yeah! They hide 'em in there and you can't help but see 'em.

LISA: What smells do you like?

FRITZ: I like the smell of fresh-cooked bacon in the morning—

LISA: Ew!

FRITZ: Bubbling coffee.

LISA: Bacon is gross!

FRITZ: No, it's not. Canadian bacon is great. Side bacon is even better. I eat a lot of sausage too.

LISA: What kind of clothes do you wear?

FRITZ: Oh, you know—regular clothes like a human being would wear.

LISA: Are you looking for a new girl or do you just stay at home and brood over the old ones?

FRITZ: They know where I am if they want me.

Yeah. They don't look for me a lot though. He-he-he-he.

LISA: Should I print your address?

FRITZ: Uh, no, that's fine.

LISA: Well, how will they know how to find you? Should I print your telephone number?

FRITZ: No, no. No. Definitely not.

[I don't notice side A of the tape ended. Side B resumes with—]

LISA: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The priest comes in and the kidnapped girl is crouching there, and the priest puts one sooty hand on her breast, and her breast is all white, illuminated by moonlight shining in through a tiny window, and there's his dirty fingerprints all over it and then Quasimodo jumps on the priest. I can't remember if that's the way it happened in the book or if I just turned it around that way in my fantasy. Why? What do you think about while masturbating?

FRITZ: Uh, what's on TV next after this. Or should I go get a glass of milk first or will it be warm by the time I'm done.

LISA: It's not a real engaging act for you.

FRITZ: No, it's more like going to the bathroom.

LISA: Do you guys get asked about masturbation a lot since you have the name "Beatoffs"?

FRITZ: No. You're the first. How 'bout that?

LISA: How old are you?

FRITZ: 27.

LISA: Do you hope to become a megastar?

FRITZ: Yeah.

LISA: If you did become really famous, what kind of wedding would you have?

FRITZ: I don't think I'd get married. But if I got married on a soap opera—which is really how I'd like to make my fame and fortune—I'd like a nice, grand, 19th century-style wedding: costumes, ambiance, the fine spirits...

LISA: What's going on in the Hitler movie right now?

FRITZ: Oh, Hitler's talking to Mussolini, saying, "You're standing in front of the camera and blocking me, you big, dumb, Italian creep—get out of the way."

LISA: What did Mussolini say?

FRITZ: Oh, he moved immediately. "I'm sorry, Feuhrer!"

The Strangled Beatoffs, PO Box 220, Florissant MO 63032

Skin Graft (who put out their last 7" and plan to do their new CD), PO Box 738, St Charles MO 63302

All My Children: Jack confronted Laurel and blamed her for Natalie's death. But after learning Laurel had been stealing to pay for her autistic daughter's care, Jack forgave Laurel and asked her to marry him. Jack convinced Trevor the accident wasn't Laurel's fault and Trevor forgave her. Bianca asked to return to Seattle with Travis after Kendall convinced her Erica and Dimitri don't want her around. Dixie urged Ted to reconsider Tad's offer of a partnership in Orsini Vineyards, which he had turned down.

Coming: Ted shares with Dixie.

PERSONALS

Presently I am a 30-year-old male Anarchist interested in meeting a female who is culturally and physically alive. Wanting to travel and study America's disintegration firsthand from a Spenglerian aspect would be helpful. I am a bibliophile and necrophile who mostly likes to read (novels, poetry and history) and to walk the streets at night. Also I'm interested in sex, something I've never had with another human. And I am generally warped socially. I look rather like Chairman Mao, but am not Chinese. (William C. Niles, 38 South St., Essex Junction VT 05452)

I'm in my early 20s and have been described as sexy, slutty, Meryl Streepish. Desiring: Any human with a pulse and a knowing tongue. (Madame X, PO Box 933, Cleveland OH 44017)

Nice divorced guy, 45, drug free ex-Texan, 5'9", slim and fit, big nose, small dick. Now lives in U.S. Virgin Islands. Likes year around balmy weather, wind surfing, travel, rollerblading, cats, nude beaches, snorkeling, NYC, guitar, mail art. Favorite band is 13th Floor Elevators (R.I.P.). Looking for bright, fit, female soul-mate willing to commit senseless acts of kindness and random acts of beauty. R.S.V.P. to D.C., PO Box 98, St. John, VI 00831. Or call 809-693-5227.

To Big Brother—thanks! With love, Little Brother

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Send SASE for information on new Rollerderby video featuring our visit to the Neighbors, HTS, the Beatoffs, early Suckdog... to my PO Box

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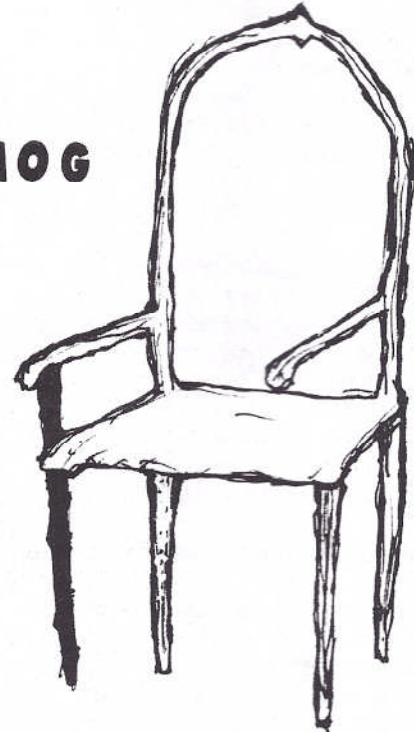
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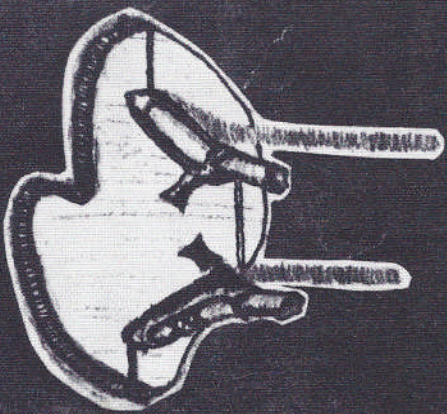


A black and white photograph of Cindy Crawford. She is crouching in a dark, textured environment. Her body is adorned with intricate, dark, floral or abstract body paint designs on her face, chest, and legs. She has long, dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her hands are clasped in front of her, and her legs are crossed at the ankles.

CINDY
IN HER HALSTON.

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